April 14, 1798.] *The HUMMING BIRD,* [No. 1—VOL. 1.

Or HERALD of TASTE.

" Is there any thing whereof it may be ſaid, See, this is new ?"

HISTORY OF *MARIA FEODOROVNA.*

A YOUNG RUSSIAN COUNTESS.

VIRGIN innocence is an inchanted tower: its ſtrength conſiſts more in that awful reſpect which the ſight of it creates in the breaſts of virtuous men, than in its innate fortitude. Thoſe breaſts which poſſeſs no reſpect for virtue, thoſe men who inherit no regard for honor, are the daring aſſailants. The charms they employ to break the enchantments, are flattery, falſehood, proteſtations to the Deity to witneſs *their love!* The ſpell ſucceeds: the tower, with all its gilded turrets, ſhakes, and tumbles in ruins!

Let me behold the conſequences of this criminal conduct. A lovely daughter is brot up under the care of, what is commonly called, the fondeſt parents. She is deluded under the promiſe of marriage, or, allow that the deluſion ſucceeded without ſuch promiſe: the fond parents tear their hair and weep bitterly; but they order their daughter to be driven from the houſe. They weep for the diſhonor that has happened to their name; and to cure this diſhonor they ſpread the infamy; and drive out their deſcendent to repeat the crime.

The hiſtory of the counteſs, is not ſufficiently known. It contains an awfully intereſting leſſon to parents, and diſplays the fatal effects of a rigorous treatment of their offspring. it was the apprehenſion of a rigorous treatment from a parent of a violent temper that occaſioned the miſeries of Maria Feodorovna. She was a lady of diſtinguiſhed rank and fortune, the only daughter of a nobleman.

During the early period of her life, her education was anxiouſly attended to by the beſt of mothers, whoſe ſoul bore upon it the impreſſion of every noble feeling and virtue. The mother while ſhe held her favorite daughter before the glaſs, ſaw an exact copy of herſelf in form of body; and the never-ceaſing ſmile upon the cheeks and lips of Maria ſeemed to beſpeak an equally beautiful copy of her mind. The mother died: and the youthful Ruſſian counteſs, from the love and care of her mother, from the polite and elegant round of a court, from the ſociety of her dear Markoff, who was enraptured with this amiable female, was hurried by the haughty baron to a diſtant eſtate amid the wilds of Ruſſia.

Here, ſurrounded with deſerts, nor viewing one object that could bring ſome happy compariſon in thot between them and paſt ſcenes, the lovely Maria exhauſted her boſom in ſobs, and watered her pillow with tears.

The ſociety of count Markoff could have lighted up this deſert, and diſpelled thoſe tears. Diſappointed ambition had occaſioned a miſunderſtanding between the two families, and the name of Markoff was forbid even to be mentioned in the houſe of the baron. His fondneſs for his lovely daughter could not overcome his abhorrence of his ſucceſsful rival, the father of young Markoff; nor permit him to entertain the moſt diſtant idea of that connection which he knew was the ardent wiſh of the youthful pair. His brows darkened with rage, when he ſaw one of his blood, who wiſhed not deſtruction to the houſe of Markoff.

Maria was kept in perpetual agony by this unfortunate diſpoſition in her parent, yet forced to affect an indifference to all ſhe loved, while ſhe daily drooped and pined in ſilent melancholy. But no affectation could bring back the roſy health which had lately painted her cheeks; and her languid ſmiles and action were diſeaſed copies of that lively manner which had diſtinguiſhed her happier days. The innocent mirth, unmixed with care, born in the lap of childhood, and expiring with it, was never again to return. Maria was not even deſtined to enjoy that happineſs to which her virtue entitled her. In vain had a mother inſpired her with every noble and virtuous ſentiment; in vain had nature endowed her with a perſon the model of beauty, and with an exalted ſoul; in vain had fortune laviſhed riches, extenſive domains, and thouſands of ſlaves ready to kneel at her feet whenever ſhe appeared.—The meaneſt of theſe ſlaves was to poſſeſs Maria.

Count Markoff, diſregarding every dictate but that of love, and the dangers which Maria had repreſented to him as the certain conſequences of any attempt to viſit her, left his reſidence near Moſcow, and journeyed toward that ſpot, which was to give him an interview with his lovely angel. Diſguiſed in the habit of a peaſant, he arrived within ſight of the baron's palace, and ſaw the roof which contained within it all his heart panted for! The breaſt of Markoff until this inſtant felt not the idea of diſappointment: a ſoldier, he had been accuſtomed to cut his way thro every difficult paſs with his ſword. The parent of Maria guarded the avenue he was now approaching.

With money he purchaſed the ſervices of ſome perſons who frequented the baron's houſe. He got, by their means, a letter conveyed to Maria. Upon reading this epiſtle, love overcame in her every dictate of prudence; ſhe loſt recollection of her father being that inſtant in the houſe; and hurrying on her cloak, ſhe ran down ſtairs, and into the fields, then covered with ſnow. Her recollection returned—her heart failed within her—her limbs refuſed to do their office—ſhe ſtood trembling before the wintry ſtorm! She called to her aſſiſtance a ſlave; and pretending ſome other cauſe for her illneſs, was aſſiſted to reach her chamber without the knowledge of the awful parent who had occaſioned her diſtreſs.

Maria, overcome with grief, and now giving up every thot of viewing her beloved Markoff, ſunk upon her bed in fits of deſpair and madneſs, Reaſon again reſumed her ſeat; a letter was diſpatched to Markoff at a neighboring village, deſiring him, if he valued his own life and her life, to leave the place, and return to Moſ-

eow, where there might be ſtill a poſſibility of their meeting. Having ſigned and ſealed this letter, ſhe held it in her hands, without knowing what ſhe did. She broke the ſeal of her letter, and, ſeizing the ardent pen, gave that utterance it afforded to her paſſion; and amid the effuſions of ardent love ſhe mentioned the attempt ſhe had made to ſee him.

Markoff's boſom could not contain the emotions of his ſoul on reading this letter. The cool, prudential, firſt part was overturned by the concluding poſtſcript.

Maria ſtood at the window, looking toward the village. "No," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "he muſt not come. I have forbid him, as he values my life. Let me endeavor to compoſe myſelf. Having reſolved, and executed my reſolve by that letter, we muſt wait for a happier period, why this fever of deſire in my ſoul yet to behold him? I will avert my eyes from the village—Oh, how I ſhake! Can he leave me, & obey my mandate? Will he not ſtand upon that ſnowy plain and wave his handkerchief? The village is ſurrounded with woods—can Markoff be gone without making me one ſignal of love! Ungrateful man! No! no! no! Where am I? Did I hear him ſpeak? Maria! Markoff!"

The night cloſed: the diſtracted Maria walked in her chamber, ſtill ſearching thro the gloom for Markoff.—ſtill wiſhing to ſee, not him, but rather ſome friendly ſpirit bearing his ſhape and air. A peaſant near to the windows held out a letter. Maria anxiouſly enquired, but with a ſoft voice, from whom it came. It was the count Markoff himſelf! "Where is the count?" ſaid Maria; and ſtretched out her hand for the letter. "My Maria!" replied the count; and laying hold of the branches of a tree which ſtood near the window, he climbed up, and entered it. [*To be Continued.*]

A young Lady being ſick, a phyſician was ſent for to feel her pulſe; ſhe being very coy, and loth he ſhould touch her naked ſkin, pulled her ſhift over her hand; the doctor obſerving it, took a corner of his coat and laid it on her ſhift ſleeve; at which a lady that ſtood by wondered! O madam, ſaid he, *A Linen pulſe muſt always have a woolen phyſician.*

Relation of a wonderful VOYAGE remarkable for expedition.

Capt. Lee, a reſpectable and well known character on the Edmonton road, relates the following remarkable particulars of his voyage home from Lisbon in the year 1773.

He was the apprentice to the maſter, and was then like cabin boy, and about fifteen years of age. The name of the ſhip was the Mary, and belonged to Plymouth. In the ſummer of that year, they being in Liſbon harbour with their lading, and ſeventeen hands aboard, and hourly expecting their ſailing orders; about nine o'clock at night the captain (whoſe name was Mark Bland) came on board, and ordered the mate and all the reſt of the hands to their hammocks, without ſo much as leaving a watch to keep the deck. The men went to their reſt, but captain Lee, who was uſed to attend the cabin lay in wait expecting to be called by the maſter, when not finding himſelf wanted he crept to hear if the ſaid maſter was wanting him or had fallen aſleep; but finding the door faſt he had the curioſity to peep through the key-hole when he declares he ſaw his maſter and ſome one elſe ſitting oppoſite to him, and their hands ſeemed buſily employed upon the table at ſome game, but it was not cards he avers, yet he could not well diſtinguiſh what it was; however he retired to his hammock and in the morning after when they turned out they found themſelves moored in Plymouth ſound, the cabin door was open but no maſter was to be found, nor has ever been heard of ſince. The governor of the harbour, upon a fair examination of the particulars, a depoſition of which were made on oath, ordered the veſſel to be ſunk after her lading was removed, and the red buoy which floats over her is yet to be ſeen and is a well known mark to mariners. This is a fact, and can be well atteſted that the paſſage was performed in an unaccountable manner in leſs than ten hours.

H. Lemoine upon the authority of Capt. Lee.

He that builds a houſe with other mens money, builds a tomb wherein to bury himſelf alive.

To the Patrons *of the* HUMMING BIRD, *or* Herald *of* Taste.

The following Addreſs is preſented by the Lady who compiles the Humming Bird, to thoſe of her Sex, who ſee fit to Patronize the work.

My dear Friends,

In undertaking to compile a periodical work for your entertainment, I am conſcious I have undertaking an ardous taſk; but with your aſſiſtance, I do not doubt of ſucceſs. A Lady paper is a novelty in this part of the country, and many will predict that it cannot be ſupported; but I find there is taſte enough among the ladies to encourage a work of the kind, and hope there is ſpirit enough to keep ſuch a work from ſinking, if properly conducted. I know it will be agreed that it is a woman's buſineſs to attend to her family concerns, and that ſhe has no buſineſs to be inquiſitive about what is going forward in the world. I acknowledge that domeſtic affairs is her buſineſs; and this buſineſs, with induſtry ſhe may conduct properly, and have much time to read. I would not encourage reading if any domeſtic concerns was to ſuffer by it, for I am a candidate for induſtry, and ſhall not neglect my ſpinning wheel, even to compile the Humming Bird, for I think you had better be without entertainment, than my children without clothes: I am not concerned, however, but that I ſhall have time, both to clothe my family and to find entertainment, which ſhall be ſatisfactory to you; and if you will divide the time properly, you will find time to do all your buſineſs, to read the Humming Bird, and to earn a ſmall ſum to pay the Printer for printing it.

The Plan of the Paper the Publiſher has laid before you in the Proſpectus, which, for the benefit of thoſe who have not ſeen it, is inſerted in the paper. In order to fill the page intended for original matter, we muſt ſolicit the aid of thoſe ladies, whoſe ſituation in life, give them time and opportunities to write. And I hope the Gentlemen of literary abilities will favour us with ſome of their productions. Short eſſays will always be the moſt acceptable, and if

directed to the Printer, poſt paid, will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to.—The Plan is to fill one page with ſome entertaining and inſtructive Story, which if too long for one paper will be continued from one to another till finiſhed.—Another page will be filled with original eſſays, in poetry and proſe. Another with a judicious ſummary of the news for the time;—And a fourth with ſelected, Poetry, Moral Eſſays, Anecdotes, and ſuch advertiſements as concern the ladies. The news which will be publiſhed in this paper will be of the Domeſtic kind. and ſuch as concerns ladies only. Political and Commercial details will be excluded.

FOR THE *HUMMING BIRD, &c.*

MR. EDITOR,

The following is original, if it has no other merit; inſert it if you think proper.

MATILDA.

THE *COMPLAINT*—A FRAGMENT.

WHY, noble ſcience, did'ſt thou fire my breaſt?
Why was my fooliſh fancy taught to ſoar?
Why ſhould my thoughts be thus deriv'd of reſt,
In ſearch of knowledge and of nature's lore?
Why does my mind roam o'er the univerſe,
Thro' mighty ſpace, extended without bound,
Where Suns and Stars, their harmony rehearſe,
And worlds unnumber'd run their conſtant round.
Why led by Poetry's enchanting lay,
Thro' fields of fancy, ſhould I wandering go?
O'er flowry paths, and bloody ſcenes I ſtray,
Of Love, Deſpair, Ambition, War and Woe,

When Dwight harmonious, with his magic wand,
Strikes up a battle in CANAAN land,
Methinks I hear the chariots thund'ring roar,
And thouſands groaning whelm'd in duſt & gore;
Before my eyes the ſhining troops appear,
And ſwords and helmits rattle in my ear.
And when he ſings in ſlow and ſolemn ſtrain,
The virgin's anguiſh, ſorow, grief and pain,
My ſympathizing tender heart is rung,
" And ſtrong deep ſighs burſt o'er my frozen tongue,"
I hear her groans, re-echoed from afar,
And cry aloud, AH! CRUEL! CRUEL WAR!

When mounted on poetic pinions ſtrong,
Great *Barlow* ſings the ſweet Peruvian ſong;
Of noble Incas born to bleſs mankind,
And teach them arts, and ſciences refin'd,—
How under one enlightened, noble reign,
The arts of peace were taught the vagrant train,
How ſocial virtues ſpread their influence round,
And gardens bloom'd, where once was barren ground;
I feel tranſported with th' enchanting lays,
And wiſh ſuch Incas liv'd in modern days.

And when before my dazzled ſight,
Satiric *Trumbull* takes his flight,—
Singing with harmonious ſound,
And hurling ſhafts of Satire round;
See o'er the hill and o'er the plain,
Refined taſte and virtue reign,
While vice and folly quit the field,—
And my dull pen I ceaſe to wield.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY

A Neopolitan being at work in a field bordering on the ſea ſhore, his wife, who was at ſome diſtance from him, was ſeized by the corſairs of Tunis, and carried on board their veſſel.

The Neopolitan threw himſelf into the ſea, ſwam to the ſhip and entreated the Captain to take him in.

The good man well knew he would be ſold as a ſlave, and the conſequent miſery and hardſhip he would undergo but love for the object who had hitherto ſhared in his labours, and enjoyed with him the fruits of his induſtry, predominated over all other ſenſations. While the Turks were aſtoniſhed at his temerity, he continued ſupplicating to be taken on board; he told them that the women they had taken from the field was his wife; "we have," continued he, "long ſhared happineſs, and we can bear miſery together, grant us only the conſolation of being ſold to the ſame maſter, is all I aſk; deny me that, and one grave will, I truſt ſoon contain us."

The Turks admiring the man's affection on their return told it to the king of Tunis, who being pleaſed with this ſingular inſtance of conjugal fidelity, not only gave them their liberty, but each a place in the palace.

On the melancholy fate of a Young Woman, who died lately in New-York, in the 16th year of her age—from the circumſtances, and in the manner related in the following

VERSES.

AH hapleſs maid, ah tender flower
In Nature's garden wild!
Cruſh'd by dire ſin's infernal power,
Misfortune's wayward child!

What ſoul but ſhrinks, what heart but bleeds
At ſuch a fate as thine?
Behold! the guilt of human deeds
Stares, blood-ſtained, from thy ſhrine?

How fraught with ſweets, and proud of late
Thou reard'ſt thy youthful form,
With innocence and hope elate,
And young affections warm;

(Such pleaſing fragrance ſweet youth yields,
Such rip'ning charms diſplay,
As lillies fling around the fields,
Or op'ning buds convey.)

Sure ſhe was fair, and form'd to claim
Man's kind protecting aid,
Such ſweets might kindle love's ſoft flame
And Hyman woo the maid:

Yet, hear her tale, ye ſons of hell
Who virtue dare betray—
By man's inhuman arts ſhe fell,
To ſhame, to DEATH a prey!

The words of love addreſs'd her heart,
But from a ſerpent's tongue—
The ſimple Maid, who knew no art,
Believ'd the Syren's ſong:

But He, within his guilty breaſt,
Conceal'd the foul deſign
To rob of Virtue, and of Reſt,
And then to ſhame reſign:

O'ercome by the ſoft arts he ply'd,
She now is left to ſhame,
And tho' no ſin was on her ſide,
To ſink beneath the blame.

A thouſand pangs ſhe'd never felt
Now ſeize her troubled ſoul,
And fears of love, of pain, of guilt
Rage wild without controul;

Each beautious tint forſakes her face,
Young Nature's health decays,
And the keen ruſt of foul diſgrace
On every virtue preys.

Ah! complicated grief! to find
The Mother's tender name
So wont to ſoothe, now rend the mind,
———Her Babe—a Child of Shame!

Whilſt he, who won her guiltleſs heart,
And ſhould a Guardian [illegible]
Has left her to wade through this part
Of racking miſery.

For ſix long months ſhe bore the thought
And dragg'd her life along,
'Till time advancing nearer brought
Diſcloſure of her wrong,

Then in a fit of black deſpair,
And gloomy horror wild,
Unable all her fate to bear,
Regardleſs of her Child,

She ſeiz'd the empoiſon'd cup of death
And madly drank it down,
In ſtruggling pain reſigns her breath,
Her infant's and her own.

Look there, ye vile ſeducing race,
Diſgrace of human kind,
Let the convulſions of that face,
Convulſe your guilty mind!

Ye ſacred Watchmen of our rights,
Who guard our wholeſome laws,
Look on theſe deeds of horrid night,
Eſpouſe the victims cauſe;

Let not theſe Monſters roam abroad
Unfeeling beaſts of prey,
Nor Innocence to ruin's road,
Unpuniſh'd lead away;

Make legal force compel the wretch
Secuding Virtue young,
By Marringe to repair the breach,
And mitigate the wrong ;

Nor let such crying crimes as these,
Which now you've heard, disgrace
A peaceful land where Freedom sways,
To brand the human race.

NATURE's CALL TO GRATITUDE.

HOW cheerful, along the gay mead,
The daises and cowslips appear ;
They flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall inceffantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

FOR THE *HUMMING BIRD, &c.*

The CONTRAST——*No* 1.

Betsey Broadlace was the daughter of a wealthy Farmer,—she married a merchant,—she soon forgot how to spin,—she was ashamed to wash the dishes,—that was not genteel —She must have the most costly furniture,—it cost her father upwards of a thousand dollars,—Mr. Broadlace must have an elegant house to hold such elegant furniture,—this took away several years profits of his business, and crowded upon his capital.—Mrs. Broadlace must have servants ; she cannot work,—now can lady's work !—she must be a *top-top* lady,—but mind you—Mr. Broadlace had not a *top-top* fortune, and spite of every expence, poor Betsey could be at (and no expence was spared) somebody would be finer than she could, she was everlastingly fretting herself after the newest fashions, but was never able to be the first lady in the place. She would have gone on fretting herself and spending her husbands money until this day, had not a small accident happened to her, which has rid her of much trouble all at once.—Her husband failed,—*shut up*,—the rest I need not tell.—

Sally Trimmer was likewise the daughter of a Farmer, tho' he was not so wealthy as the father of Betsey, yet he gave his daughter five hundred dollars in cash, she bestowed it on her husband, an honest mechanic, and he employed it in carrying on his business. Sally was her own waiting maid and that of her husband—she spun her own cloathing—she never troubled herself about fashions, yet she always appeared decent, and notwithstanding her seeming neglect of dress outshone Mrs. Broadlace at every public place. She was respected at home and abroad,—her table was stocked with plenty without profusion—the first people of the place courted her acquaintance, and without seeking she found herself in that place, to which her neighbor Betsey had in vain been aspiring. Her husband is respected ; he works at his business, takes examples of economy and industry from his wife.—We need not add that he will be rich.—Which of these is the real Lady ?

Saturday, April 14, 1798.

The Compiler of the paper has to apologise, for not giving a proportion of original matter this day—Several pieces are preparing for the next number, and she hopes to make up deficiences in future.—It is contemplated to publish the paper weekly, if encouragement should offer.—A list of the names of its patrons will likewise be published.—The History of Maria Feodorovna, will be continued.

Married at Reading, Mr. Sturges Sanford, to Miss Sally Read.

——At this place, Mr. Samuel Cable, to Mrs. Jerusha French.

At Black-Rock, Mr, — Sanford, to Miss Lucy Chauncy,

Died at Trumbull, of the consumption, Miss Eunice French, daughter of David French, in the 14th year of her age.

[The compiler would thank those who will be so kind as to forward accounts of Marriages and Deaths.]

LEXINGTON, (Ken.) Feb. 27.

We are informed that on Monday the 17th inst. the house and store of Mr. Even Francis, Wayneburgh, in Clarke county, was consumed by an alarming accident—The circumstances are as follow : A child of Mr. Francis's having observed people flash powder to try its quality, had discovered where a cask stood in the store, which contained about 75 pounds, lighted the end of a stick in the fire, and put it in the cask, which immediately blew up, the expulsion was so great, that it tore the house in pieces and threw a barrel of whisky and some of the goods that were in the store a great distance in the street—the child who was the means of the accident, and another child of Mr. Francis's were killed ; Mr. Francis's wife and two young men who were in the store dangerously burned, so that their lives were dispaired of ; and a young woman who was in the other end of the house much hurt by a stroke from a piece of timber. The melancholy circumstances attending this dreadful accident, it is hoped will induce every person to guard against the like in future.

AN OATH.

"The virtue of ancient Athens is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. The great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, *I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.* The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar ; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation ; gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an invasion, of what they thought the most holy and dissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any of the smallest hints, that might open way to perjury."

THE PARENTS MISTAKE.

A most fatal mistake is made by parents of all classes in the present age.—Many of them seem to think vice and irregularity the marks of sense in a boy ; and that innocence, submission to superiors, application to study, and every thing laudible, are the signs of stupidity. They often smile at the tricks of a young villian, and seem pleased with boyish profligacy. Hence it happens, that their offspring frequently proves a scourge to them, and that they feel that sting, which, to use Shakespears expression, is "sharper than the serpent's tooth," the sting inflicted by a thankless, an immoral, an ignorant, an extravagant and infidel child.

"WHEN I have a *cold in my head*," said a gentleman in company, "I am always *dull* and *stupid*." "Your are much to be pitied, sir," replied another. "for I do not remember ever to have seen you without a *cold in your head*."

NEWFIELD ;
PRINTED BY L. BEACH.